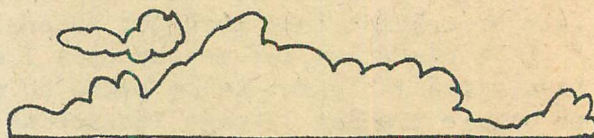


June, 1981  
number two



SAY, THIS CLEANS  
CLOUDS WELL!

[illegible]

And an amusing fanzine it is. Today the Pope was shot. Interesting thing about that was that yesterday I was together with friend Paul writing our comic strip for *Anarchy* #3 (out in summer realsoonnow) and Paul wrote up a panel of the strip's hero watching TV with the announcement coming from it: "My God, some-  
pe, eeeee!" Today it happens. We really have to watch that! I drew up "Anarchie" and his pals like Moronica, Blondie and some punk murder here in S.F. some months later with the main sus-  
sued Veggie. It's gotten so I really am careful about what I draw  
figure it may happen in real life! Thus I never draw myself being  
We now pause while I put out a grease-fire in the broiler.

So, possibly interesting that *Zed* has the mathematical equivalent of the title of my old fanzine *Nope*. I quit cigarettes by switching to Certs for a while. I finally quit them in turn by simply running up to adjacent women and sucking their tits whenever I would get that old oral urge. Try it Patrick! You'll never want to go back to stupid cigarettes again.

I can't say that I agree with this notion of pre-jurying artshows so that you get rid of the S&M and the big-busted elves (hubba hubba) not to mention the trite unicorns (zzzz). As I've mentioned before in other places, any similarity between most fan-art and "real" art is purely coincidental. I think of fanart, generally, as being in the vein of statuettes of Elvis made entirely out of bottle-caps, or perhaps lovingly produced one-of-a-kind troll dolls. Yes, it's Fetish art... and not only that but usually cute fetish art. I mean, let's randomly select the drawing on the cover of *Zed* #1. What have we here? Bare-ass angels in beanies holding up some sort of edifice (possibly of Mormon design? Just kidding...) with quasi-snowflakes and short title within (remember *Zed* rhymes with Ned!) and what appears to be a penguin (midget variety) on top. Is this cute? Yes indeed, and the fact that you did it with tongue firmly in cheek doesn't get you off the hook Teresa! Irony is invisible when the morality/esthetics squad knocks on the door... would ironic S&M fantasy pix be let in an art show where non-ironic ones were bounced?

Ole's point about artifacts made with buyers solely in mind belonging in the huckster's room strikes me as beside the point (what point) as I've always thought of the art

show rooms as extensions of the huckster's rooms anyway. Well, I'm probably getting redundant by now, and anyway I know you agree with me about 90% of fan art being kitsch. But I just have trouble with the idea of pre-selecting out the poor 1% that is "too" cute or deviant (and no doubt unconsciously so.).

To close out let me say that I am somewhat baffled by the logic you employ in noting that since a big-fat *Telos* takes so much work and money to produce that you've decided to do a more regular 12-page fanzine as well! However whatever your crazy rationale, let me assure you that both *Zed* and *Telos* are welcome here and avidly read from cover to cover.

§ You think you're somewhat baffled -- imagine our confusion, the next morning, when... Well, no. We did, however, eventually ask ourselves the obvious question, and answer it with several pages of calculations dealing with everything from relative Bulk Rate costs for different weights to the number of words a Royal microelite can reasonably be expected to squeeze onto a page -- with the result that this is, alas, the last regular issue of *Zed*. Not that alas, however: commencing Real Soon Now, *Telos* will appear bi-monthly in a 24-page-mimeo version, which is what we had in mind in the first place. We'd never have discarded that concept of the fanzine if we hadn't started receiving these piles of fantastic material, and we'd have gone back to it sooner if we'd figured out the ways to make a 24-page mimeo fanzine with four editors & several columnists plus an active loccol work that we've figured out now, then. But that takes us out of the purview of this fanzine -- which, by the way, shall not die, but rather simply await an instance of its possible utility, an event that will no doubt coincide with my and Teresa's ascension into Fapa one or two years hence, if it doesn't come sooner. In any case, assuming someone out there hasn't caught on to this by now, this is a mostly-letters issue, being assembled on stencil by me, Patrick, in the gums of a mumbling gale.

§ As to your comments about artshows, Jay, all I can say is that it's probably a good thing this particular fanzine is going, publically, on ice for a while, as (as far as my trained slan-like faneditorial double brain can tell) it seems Teresa's bit last issue has stirred up the sort of level of response that could easily get *Zed* a reputation as "that fanzine where they discuss art shows." Briefly, though (and thus proving that one shouldn't use such cliched turns of phrase as "all I can say" when starting a paragraph -- not to mention that one shouldn't draft on stencil, but I \*ahem\* digress), ah, briefly, I say, I see your point of view and call you your red herring, namely, that crack about the "morality/esthetics squad." I suppose a case could be made for the notion that gallery operators constitute some sort of jackbooted secret-police-type Gestapo, but I'd feel silly making it. Because, really, what was being discussed was the right of the people who do all the (unpaid) work in running convention art shows go go "Eeeeeaargh" and refuse to apply their (volunteer, I reiterate) labor towards the profit of artists whose work they find too awful. Stores pre-select their stock (on whatever considerations they want -- economic, esthetic or just plain irrational); mundane art galleries certainly pre-jury art submitted to them; why shouldn't people engaged in the low-egoboo labor-intensive work of putting on things like con art shows be allowed at least the privilege of putting on shows full of material they like, or at least find tolerable? It isn't fascist censorship to refuse to apply one's labor towards the promulgation of views, or esthetic material, one dislikes -- and certainly, in the case under discussion, the artists were warned in advance that the people doing the show might just so refuse.

§ Really, Jay, let's not conflate our analyses into historicism! Harrumph.

TERRY CARR  
11037 Broadway Terrace  
Oakland CA 94611  
14 May 1981

*Zed* #1 was very welcome, and far more interesting/amusing reading than you gave yourselves credit for. I was a bit puzzled to see the return address THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN; can only surmise it's an allusion to Avedon's *WSFAN* of recent

memory. And in case you don't know, you didn't completely succeed in coming up with an unused fanzine title: Karen Anderson published a dozen or so issues of a SAPSazine c. 1956-60 titled *Die Zeitschrift fllr Volstandigen Unsinn* (*The Journal for Utter Insanity* or *somesuch*), nicknamed *The Zed* after several issues and actually shortened to *The Zed* as a full title later on. 'Twas a pretty good fanzine, too, with various contributions from Poul Anderson and much fannish writing by Karen, who was good at it.

The story on the Denvention Committee sending Bergeron's notification of Hugo nomination is both milder and worse than you report it. Actually, they called Charlie Brown for Bergeron's address, and he called me, saying he couldn't find the new one but he knew it had appeared in some recent fannish fanzine, probably *Telos*. I said my copy of *Telos* was misfiled (as it was, then) but if he got stuck he could refer the Committee to you. Two days later the *Boonfark* with Bergeron's address came and I called Charlie and gave it to him, but he didn't sound concerned about passing it on to the Committee. Thus.

The appalling aspect of this was that, according to Charlie (who mentioned this in disgusted tones), not only did they not have Bergeron's address but they'd never heard of him. Nor had they ever heard of Willis. Charlie repeated the line, supposedly uttered while they were counting the nominations, "Wow, this Willis guy must be something!" Wow indeed. One doesn't expect worldcon committees to read all the fannish fanzines, but you'd think they might have noticed the featured reviews of *Warhoon* 28 in *SFR* (by me) and in *Starship* (by Susan Wood).

TED WHITE

1014 N Tuckahoe St  
Falls Church VA 22046  
2 June 1981

...You certainly faked out some people with your NATIONAL FANTASY FAN heading on the return address. Rich Brown was ready to toss his into the wastebasket until I suggested he open it first. When I saw Terry Hughes last week I mentioned *Zed* to him and he said he hadn't gotten it. I asked him if he'd gotten a "NATIONAL FANTASY FAN" and he said he had, but hadn't bothered to open it. I can't help wondering how many other recipients responded similarly...

§ Enough to keep this lettercolumn down to a manageable size? No, that's not right. Rich, rich... now, you're an old fan and tired, and you know better. You know that the Illuminati behind the N3F would never permit a cherry-red rubber-stamp of a chicken marching band to grace their mailing wrapper, much less a column of eavesdroppings. Rich, rich, repeat after me, now: "first you open the fanzine, then you throw it away." All straight? Gooood...

SARAH PRINCE

3108 S 12th Ave #4  
Minneapolis MN 55407  
15 May 1981

...Besides all that, I'm completing my first quarter in graphic arts at the city vo-tech school. I think phototypesetting is so much fun that I'd like to get a job in it before I'm jaded; it, and wax paste-up. But the brand-new-toy of a building is really fucked as far as circulation goes, not to mention the open plan the graphics area received instead of a controlled-atmosphere computer room; the whole glass-sided box is filled with something denser than air that mostly negates the value of non-smoking zones. Pleez, mother of dog, find me a job in typesetting & keyling that doesn't involve rubber cement thinner or printing solvents -- or acetic acid. (When will I ever proof the hundreds of unlabelled negatives I own?) Meanwhile I own a typesetter, it even resides in my living room; reputedly dating from 1946, the local ATF dealer didn't know they'd ever made phototypesetters... RSN will clean it as best I can with Q-tips and then plug it in to see what happens (and I still haven't remembered to check out the basement electrical nexus, silly me; let it be circuitbreakers, oh let it...) ...when I moved out of the building I told Scott Imes I would give some miscellaneous ceramic cylinders, which I used for plant stands, to his new house nearby which has been creeping towards habitability over dilute time. He immediately responded that he would trade me this typesetter that was holding up piles of books in his bedroom on the 4th floor of the Boze. My eyes grew wide, but after carrying that mother up my stairs I haven't had the gumption to do anything more. The font disc, exposed to the naked air, has been in place lo these many years, and is crusted with greasy dust... supposedly it was a reliable workhorse for the University of Kentucky long after it was obsolete, and may get up & go better than modern frail electronics -- they certainly made the cabinetry like iron dinosaurs...

DICK BERGERON  
Box 5989  
Old San Juan Station  
San Juan PR 00905  
13 May 1981

Just want to point out that it wasn't necessary for Teresa to have read "Twice Upon A Time" to have had that dream -- the fateful meeting between Ackerman/WaW/and Grennell is first speculated on on pages 331-332 (the WASH, of course!) in "In The End Was The Word." So if Teresa had read the *Warhoon* Harps -- as I expect she may have before the WASH appeared -- she knew about this long ago.

That was in *Warhoon* 16.

MOG DECARNIN  
512B Cole St  
San Francisco CA 94117  
20 May 1981

This is the way the world ends, not with a pun but a quibble: Teresa, you wrote of the Norwescon art show rule against material "offensive by reason of sexism or violence...this was aimed pretty much exclusively at the really gruesome stuff."

I wonder if, having bracketted this, I really need to forge ahead through patient proofs that insofar as anything can comprise parallel lines that never meet in this so perverse (L., intensely turned) universe (guess), the concepts "s&m" and "violence", within a context of awakened consciousness, which is, frankly, the only consciousness in which anything is seperable from anything else at all, do comprise such lines? Briefly, within this context, the terms describe mutually exclusive sets, since conscious S/M practitioners define S/M as mutually pleasurable, consensual erotic exchanges, excluding from the category "S/M" all acts not wilfully sought by informed participants, e.g. acts of violence; also, by this definition, it is about as meaningful to call unconscious acts or attitudes "s&m" as it is to call the Joint Chiefs of Staff homoerotic; what occurs on each side of this analogy, borrowed from a lesbian feminist masochist friend, is a lumping of behavior stemming from the free and informed expression of a desire with that stemming from the impacted and ignorant repression of the desire, an aggregation of only the most limited usefulness.

I should add the S/M is also not synonymous with sexism; in the finest analysis they are incompatible, though that analysis has yet to be followed through by many S/M practitioners, since sexism is still homo sapiens' middle name.

It is clear that you were writing from an alternate universe of discourse, as it were, but one day I hope to lure you into mine, in the best tradition of candy from strangers, with the sweets of logic and the blandishments of analysis -- failing that, by warping a little space in your mind.

We are said to "do violence to" something when we present it falsely. In fan art and all other visual media the sexism I most object to consists not of any particular action being portrayed, but of a physical image of women with its roots in *Playboy* or Frederick's of Hollywood catalogs. Women are presented as confectionary. The style itself is always the artistic equivalent of Muzak -- smooth, syrupy, what John Le Carre has called "slovenly" music -- and of the unexamined life that is not worth living.

The first thing that some women's classes in sexuality have done is have the women all sit in a circle, take off their shirts, and look at one another's breasts. This is necessary because the fictionalization of female anatomy has been so comprehensive that even women no longer know what women look like; at first we are always surprised to discover that breasts droop rather than bulge; that the small female waist is, at most, an optical illusion resulting from large female hips; that our legs seldom comprise more than half our height; that our calves do not naturally follow the curve induced by high heels; that we have genitalia (!!); that our lips are not red, our eyelashes are the same length as men's, our legs and armpits are not hairless, our complexions are not lighter than men's nor our hair thicker and wavier nor our eyebrows higher arched. That all this comes as a series of small shocks ought to be frightening; it shows how far our particular Manland has veered from first-hand knowledge of what a woman -- or anything else -- looks like.

The only major medium that shows unedited women naked is hardcore porn. The economics of hardcore preclude the costly machinery of illusion; the airbrush, the lights, the make-up, the endless studio sessions, the one-in-50,000 model, the slick photographer; the paradoxical result is that hardcore texts faithfully reiterating the women-that-never-were-and-never-will-be of conventional media run beside snapshots of women whose breasts droop, whose waists and legs exhibit normal proportions, whose make-up and coiffure are amateurish enough to let average features peep through, and who are equipped

with vulvae. I harbor a sad suspicion that some antipathy to hardcore includes an unconscious repugnance toward this realism, these secular female forms, as well as toward the elements of nauseous sexist convention that do saturate arousal art.

Media are medicated. To the extent that we ingest them we insensibly blunt our senses and render ourselves tractable. In 1659 the Danish anatomist Niels Stensen wrote chastising those "who are not willing to observe the works of nature for themselves, but are content with reading what others have written about them, and on this basis form various fanciful conceptions of their own." This tendency is epidemic in American culture, in the culmination of Their campaign to keep anyone from closely examining any reality whatsoever (it took me 20 years to figure out there was no reason why I could not carry a toothbrush around all day). In magic they call it "misdirection".

Perhaps painters should paint violence; not maidens arrayed on the rocks (with breasts that bulge, small waists, red lips, hairless legs, 2" lashes --) but women, children, men, ripped open, murder victims at the morgue, auto wrecks, Nestle's babies -- maybe there is a need to look not away from violence but at it, realize it rather than idealize it. "Violence" in the media is as fake -- exactly as fake -- as Rowena Morrill's maiden; like her, it is misdirection. It will never point to any reality as cause or solution of the problem, because it will never point to the problem.

End rant. But today through a Bizarre Chain of Events, I found myself in the Emporium watching the lips of a salesgirl. She was painted -- it's the only word -- just one step this side of clownface, a dark line cutting with precision tolerance around blood-red lips, cheeks and eyes a mask; below the chin she turned people-colored again. I watched her lips move, I later realized, with the fascination I would have felt for an ingeniously-articulated special-effects device. And I feel that what this make-up does indeed say is an ultimate "Non sum." What does it mean that a woman should make herself up? What is a made-up woman?

§ You're right. (Further elaboration here would be superfluous.)

RICH McALLISTER  
2369 St Francis Dr  
Palo Alto CA 94303  
22 May 1981

Z even caused a Serious Thought. When Patrick wrote "cheap and easy is our middle name" I immediately corrected it to "cheap and easy are..." and then thought "well, they have two last names, why not two middle ones as well?" "Patrick and Teresa Cheap and Easy Nielsen Hayden" is clearly too long so I tried to factor it:

"Patrick 'Cheap' Nielsen Hayden"? "Teresa 'Easy' Nielsen Hayden"? Here is where the seriousness came in: note that applying "cheap" or "easy" to a man just means that he is stringy or generous; applying them to a woman suggests all sort of tawdry sexual connotations?

ARTHUR HLAVATY  
250 Coligni Ave  
New Rochelle NY 10801

...And I'm looking forward to your Fanthology. There hasn't been one since I got into zines. Of course, Martin Morse Wooster says (in FAPA, so it must be true, or at least authoritative) that fanzine fandom died in 1978, which is the year after I started doing a zine. I'm innocent, I tell you! It was all a coincidence! I have an alibi! Yngvi did it! I only did it because Jodie Foster wouldn't go to bed with me!

R.A. MacAVOY  
1466 San Antonio St #8  
Menlo Park CA 94025

...I'll tell you what I am in the market for, though. I've been looking for a nice, technically sound, over-the-counter size acrylic painting of a neo-Aztec sacrifice, starring a lad of perhaps seventeen years, with a dancer's body and a gaze of horrified rapture (most of the Frazetta types look as though they're wondering whether they took the leftover meatloaf out of the oven). The priest holding the knife must be built like a brick edifice and wearing a lot of feathers. I will pay extra if the victim is blonde and/or has an expressive adam's apple.

That would be the perfect visual focus for me living room, but I understand it might be difficult to find such a painting, at least before Ron & I move again. Therefore I would be willing to settle for a good St. Sebastian, if done in the 17th century Spanish (not Italian) style and if there are not too many arrows, or an Anderson & Jacobson model 841 printer tractor-feed.

Let me know if you run into any of these.

KEN JOSENHANS  
116 Buroham  
E. Lansing MI 48823  
3 June 1981

"What have you done for fanzine fandom lately?" Actually, in the two weeks before Disclave I ran off 20 pages of the second issue of *Harlot*, 300 copies each, by hand. This is getting dull--there are 15 more to go, some of which will be done this weekend and some of which will wait until after my computer science final on Tuesday. I really want a new mimeo, but in Michigan's economy no one is trading up to a higher model Gestetner or a copier -- instead they are clinging to the old ones which work. There's a \$25 Sears Special mimeo in the Wheeler Dealer, the local free classified paper, this week -- the first mimeo to appear in 1981. Gestetner wants \$800 minimum for a reconditioned machine, and they don't even have a dealership in Lansing any more.

And I've been toying with the idea of another issue of *Dead Trees*, since Stu Shiffman gave me three fine drawings at Disclave, and I also have that piece Teresa sent me a long time ago and lots of Pat Mueller cartoons, and a promise from Linda Bushyager for a column column, and...

§ Yes, please: we ranked both *Dead Trees* and *Harlot* among the best fanzines we received last year.

§ Gestetner are unbelievable. I used to work for them, right next to the room where they destroyed old models of theirs that they'd reacquired -- the only thing wrong with them being that they'd be built before the invention of planned obsolescence. Gestetner in Seattle ask \$8.75 for a single ream of their version of Twiltone. It's a superbly-designed duplicator they've been marketing since 1896 or whatever, and they can go a long way simply on the strength of that original idea, but that level of corporate rapaciousness is hard to credit.

JEFF SCHALLES  
9117 Eton Road  
Silver Spring MD 20901  
7 June 1981

I've been feeling more faannish lately, more energetic in general. I have also detected this glow coming from the basement that moves my fannish sinews in rippling waves, and may be the real force that sat me down here to type this letter here that I am typing to you with my hands. The glow, I'm pretty sure,

results from the near critical mass created by having my entire fanzine collection -- many boxes, Meyer -- sitting next to the WSFA mimeo.

I bet the fact that the QWERTYUIOPress is spinning every two weeks now across the city from me has electrified me somewhat too.

In short, I think my own next ish is coming out soon.

AVEDON CAROL  
4409 Woodfield Rd  
Kensington MD 20795  
8 June 1981

I suppose it's only right to tell you that I alone was spared the terror of picking up a piece of mail which appeared to be from the N3F -- rich brown is reported to have thought long and hard before opening his copy, and Terry Hughes, I'm told, did not open his at all. As the post office had managed to destroy the return address on the first copy you mailed me, leaving intact only the Seattle postmark (and very little else), I knew I wasn't getting anything from the N3F, and when you sent me the second copy in an envelope, you were thoughtful enough to use only your own return address, so while the rest of DC-area fandom was plunged into terror (Stu Stinson, rumour has it, hid in his basement terrified for weeks, believing that the N3F had caught up with him at last, even at his hiding place in East Lansing, Michigan), I was free to look at the markings on your fanzine and mutter to myself, "Those two, really. The N2F..."

Astrology strikes again... Patrick and I both decide to quit smoking around the same time. Only Patrick appears to have won the fight. Sitting at my typer day after day trying and failing to create without benefit of those plumes of smoke, I finally broke, after less than a week of abstinence. It's funny -- those who knew us apparently expected Patrick to give in first, but they never realized how self-indulgent I really am. Wandering around, driving, going to movies -- those things I could do easily without a cigarette. Well, not easily... But a day without writing is like a day full of Anita Bryant's husband. Patrick faced the monster -- I gave in for a few sheets of not-so-deathless prose. Sigh. Well, Patrick, if you can do this for six months, your lungs will have completely healed. If you can keep it up for a couple-few years, you will likely never smoke again and belong then to that small group of people who are less likely than even

people who have never smoked to get lung cancer. That's a poorly structured sentence but a hell of a good thing to do for your health. Someday, maybe I'll do it right. Quit, I mean (writing that sentence properly make take a bit longer.).

I never have fannish dreams like Teresa's. There was a period when I first got into fandom when I used to have dreams of being at conventions which were run a bit like Winston Smith's daily life, where we had steel ID bracelets which were tracked by electronic security devices, and we couldn't escape. And more recently I have had dreams about being at conventions and meeting people one could hardly expect to find there (like Ray Davies, Ron Dellums, Jimmy Page, and Phyllis Schafly -- no, I can't explain it either.). But I finally started reading that good old fannish stuff because it seemed less and less escapable, in spite of such dreams.

*RICK SNEARY* I envy you your active fannish dreams. I frequently dream about  
2962 Santa Ana St being at conventions, but -- I am always wandering around hotel halls  
South Gate CA or elevators looking for someone; wandering through a large and  
nearly empty auditorium; waiting for a show to start or looking for  
someone to sit with; sitting in a coffeeshop, either waiting to be served, or for someone  
who is expected; up in a room, trying to get people together to go somewhere else; trying  
to check out on time and losing either my (a) keys, (b) bags, (c) the front desk or (d)  
my car. As you can see, the very dullest parts of any fan's con.

*JAY KINNEY Again* Speaking of fannish dreams, I had one the other night (June 3rd)  
3165A 16th St starring Calvin Demmon, no less. Here it is verbatim as I wrote  
San Francisco CA 94103 it down after I woke up:  
5 June 1981 "I'm at some sort of combination SF and Catholic convention.

Calvin Demmon is a priest who gets ambushed and shot. Before  
dying he had given me his will. We're in Montana and after his death I go to the library  
there and am going to check out a book of C. Isherwood's letters but then decide not to  
as I'll only be there a day.

"I walk back into the hotel past Catholic bishops and archbishops in red robes --  
they're there for a ceremony/ritual and they stop me when I walk by... saying they're  
about to begin the ----. I say that I don't know what that is, I'm not Catholic. This  
makes several of them laugh a lot. The Archbishop is on crutches and is led off by two  
other cardinals or whatever.

"Everyone gathers around Calvin's reclining corpse -- as part of the ceremony it  
reanimates and starts spouting nonsense. It doesn't seem the real him -- and something I  
and his friends do gradually makes it be him. He's then sort of returned into his body  
and confronts some of his former churchly associates -- mentioning among other things  
that he found out when he died that his moustache was just a distraction and shaved it  
off -- he said this and pointed to a priest who still had one.

"He talked of the release and high feeling of when he died. And also something  
about how racists had a hard time when they died because part of the after-life experi-  
ence involves getting into a group mind. Kind of thing of accepting everyone else.

"At one point he was talking to various friends and then talked to me. I tried to  
overcome a certain squeamish fear of shaking his hand and hugging a recently dead corpse  
... but did."

I don't know whether you'll print this in *Zed* or not, nor whether Calvin gets *Zed*  
and might see it, but if so -- hi Calvin!

By the way, it seemed somehow appropriate when the latest *Pong* came in the mail  
yesterday (June 4th) that there was one of Calvin's newspaper columns reprinted in the  
*Pong* with a picture of him sans mustache.

§ And equally appropriate that your letter should arrive in the same mail  
as a package from Terry Carr containing, among other old fanzines, a good  
quantity of old Calvin Demmon material -- a *\*Skoan\**, several *New Cat Sands*,  
miscellaneous FAPA material, etc.

§ The hermetic Meaning of your dream, however, is obvious, and we chide you  
for missing it. Calvin's "death" is an obvious dream-metaphor for his very  
real gafia; the "bishops" who perform the revivifying ceremony are simply  
the few fannish fans (fannish fans are always vulnerable to charges of set-

ting themselves up as "priests" of the weird esoterica they deal in, y'know) like Ted & Dan, or ourselves, who currently send Calvin fanzines in the hope of getting some sort of response out of him, and the "moustache" is just a symbol of Calvin's much-imitated \*unique\* Writing Style, all those asterisky gimmicks and over-capitalizations that he used to affect when he was an active fan, none of which, you'll note, he seems to be using in his newspaper columns. "Just a distraction" -- just so, and in truth such a reprimand could be directed towards some of the people your subconscious could have been thinking of when it made up the metaphor of the "bishops."

§ I don't know what Christopher Isherwood is symbolic of, on the other hand. That will be \$20 for the 15 minutes it took me to think it up and write it down, however. Don't complain; those are cheap rates for therapeutic analysis by mail. You should see what the other SMOFs charge.

(We also heard from: doug barbour, Robert Bloch, Cathy Doyle, Ray Nelson, Jon Singer, and Tam Whitmore. Illo on page 1 by Wm. Rotsler, courtesy Bill Bowers several years ago. Thank you all & g'night.)

INSECTS LIVE A LONG TIME BECAUSE THOSE THAT DON'T, DIE....HE'S ACTUALLY MUCH MORE PRO-  
NOUNCED-LOOKING THAN THAT....THAT BATHTUB  
WAS USED IN "FREEBIE AND THE BEAN"....HE  
SAYS REDD BOGGS IS COMING BUT I THINK IT'S  
JUST RELIGIOUS PROPAGANDA...YOU LOOK RATHER  
MONOSYLLABIC....I'M GOING INTO THE HOSPITAL  
FOR SIX WEEKS AND ALL IT FEELS LIKE IS GET-  
TING READY FOR A CLARION....NAZI GERMANY:  
AN ALTERNATE FANDOM...."YOU BASTARD," SAID  
ALAN BOSTICK....TIMOTHY LEARY IS THE CLAUDE  
DEGLER OF THE COUNTERCULTURE....I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, BUT IT  
SOUNDS AS IF I MIGHT AGREE WITH YOU IF I  
DID....A BLACK OLIVE IN EVERCLEAR: A "SHAD-  
RACH IN THE FURNACE"....EXCALIBUR? YOU MEAN  
CALIBER HAS RETIRED?....IF I'D BEEN IN AN  
AUTO ACCIDENT AND NEEDED BLOOD TO SURVIVE,  
I SURE AS HELL WOULDN'T WANT IT OUT OF THE  
PALLID BODIES OF SCIENCE FICTION FANS....  
DE GARREN HA DET GUT...WHEN YOU ARE BURDEN-  
ED WITH THE DESTINY OF FANDOM YOU MUST  
CLASSIFY SOME THINGS OR IT ALL TURNS INTO  
A BALL OF GOOP...I GO WASH TYPING FINGER  
OFF WITH SOAP...BEFORE FANDOM WAS, I AM....  
bill gibson, anon 2, jerry kaufman, rick  
sneary, patrick nielsen hayden 3, walter  
breen, john d. berry, cedric clute, ted  
white, walt willis 2, joanna russ 2.

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"My bowels shall sound like a harp."  
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Isaiah 16:11

THE COSMIC CIRCLE COMMENTATOR  
4712 Fremont Ave N  
Seattle WA 98103  
"De Profundis, Ad Profundis"

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